

THE
DIALOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq.



L O N D O N, Printed :

And Sold by J. WILKIE, in *St. Paul's Church Yard,*

M.DCC.LXX,

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JOHN WILKES, Esq.



LONDON: Printed by

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MDCCLXX.

DIALOGUE.

POET.

FAREWELL to Patience! must I ever stay,
And will not Poet lead the dang'rous way?
Farewell to Caution! shall each hireling slave
Still boast, and still with uncurb'd fury rave;
Must I their loud, their noisy triumphs hear,
Hearing, not feel; and feeling shall I bear?
Perish the thought!—tho' ev'ry purer fire
Hide its chaste light; tho' nervous JOHNSON'S lyre
Deep in the laurel's shade be idly hung,
His dart scarce pointed, and his bow unstrung;

Tho' WHITEHEAD cease to burn with virtuous rage,
 And grossest *Manners* stain a guilty age
 Unnotic'd; tho' my lips th' inspiring Nine
 (As once, O mighty Seer, they hallow'd thine!)
 Ne'er ravish'd; nor beside clear fount, or stream,
 Bless'd my calm walk, or lent the moral dream;
 Tho' at the shrine of CHARITY I bend
 My suppliant knee, and hail each cherub friend;
 CANDOUR, in robe of virgin beauty dress'd;
 LOVE, that endures! and PEACE, that hopes the best!
 Yet starting from the shades of obscure night,
 Where Duty calls, where Freedom wings my flight,
 All sense of danger lost, and at my side;
 Stern Vengeance, honest Scorn, and manly Pride;
 My helmet, Justice; and plain Truth, my shield;
 I come—and dare the PATRIOT to the field!

Yes,

Yes, from his den, where lurking to betray,
 He marks, in sullen thought, each Fool his prey;
 Where HORNE, arch Priest, th' infernal portal keeps,
 Where TOWNS—^d bustles, and where MAWBEY sleeps;
 Tho' BECKFORD's self should plead his *suff'ring worth*,
 I'll drag, a hideous fight, the MONSTER forth!
 Yes, on his coolest hour, dim Merit's star,
 I'll wait, no bidden guest, and feed his care!

F R I E N D.

O deaf to prudence! and to glory blind!
 What God, what angry God, inflames your mind?
 O Youth, too little vers'd in life's rude war,
 Hold thy rash steps, impetuous Youth forbear.
 Think'st thou, when louder than the mad'ning storm,
 CONFUSION wildly rages; and her form,
 Proud as the serpent's crest uprearing high,
 When TREASON bids defiance to the sky;

Did

Think'ft

Think'st thou at such a time (—as well may Worth
 In CAM—N's bosom hope to blossom forth
 Eternal; and restor'd to mortal air,
 ANGELIC VIRTUE fix her palace—there!)—
 Think'st thou at such a time—O filial zeal!
 O hope of precious birth! the gen'ral weak
 To purge? drive FAction howling to her tomb?
 And call on Dury's cheek its healthiest bloom?
 In vain——no further be the task pursu'd—
 But know, with us, 'tis *dang'rous* to be good.

Was HE—which Reason faints but to conceive,
 Which Justice must not hear, yet wish to live;
 Was HE—O let not gracious, pitying Heav'n,
 Let not *such* vengeance to our crimes be giv'n;
 On ev'ry side did horrid Danger reign;
 Did ghastly Torture shew me ev'ry pain;

Did

Did swift destruction hang o'er ev'ry hour;
Was Hell triumphant, and *was* WILKES in pow'r;
 Still should my Muse her constant hatred keep,
 Blast his vain joys, and haunt him still in sleep;
 Still on Derision's point **THIS SLAVE** I'd place,
 And hold the glass of Conscience to his face.

Alike to me, if seated on a throne
 He calls, Imperial Lord, the world his own;
 Or humbler to a prison's cell confin'd,
 I mark him there, a foe to human kind;
 'Tis vice I hate; and vicious in extreme,
 Free, or in chains, I'll hang him out to shame.

F R I E N D.

Thy object Int'rest, and sweet Fame thy guide,
 How high, how full might roll, thine Honour's tide!

Parts such as thine, some other *Tomb* demand;
 Let but a *useful culture* suit the land
 Let them in Liberty's extensive grove
 Rear the proud head, and gain a nation's love
 Let them *here* nourish'd take immortal root,
 And the rich tree shall bend with golden fruit
 Nor stay—for lo where PARTY opes her arms,
 Asks thy kind aid, and spreads her glittering charms;
 Asks thee, with *Her*, intrepidly to share
 Sedition's spoils; to urge one common war;
 Each deed of ancient valour to recall,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to fall.

What! do'st thou stand, a tim'rous slave, aloof?
 Wants thy cold, milky heart, *Substantial* proof?
Such proof of wrongs, that when thy bloody hand,
 At Justice' bar self-lifted, shall demand

Whence

Whence this foul spot? and whence this stain of woe?

Thy word can instant make the *Crimson* Snow:

Want'st thou such proof? and wanting, dost thou fear

The father's curse, the silent mother's tear?

Thou tool of CONSCIENCE hence! as pigeon tame,

Away! and slumber out thy virtuous dream!

The Man, who thirsting for a brave renown,

Would seize with lusty grasp Ambition's crown—

Who hopes, like WILKES, to bask in wanton ease,

Like him to triumph, and like him to please—

Must, heedless what a few grave fools may say,

Trim, at DETRACTION's lamp, his clam'rous lay—

Must, from the hollow of her hundred cells,

(Where terrible in darkness HORROR dwells)

Her vesture, with a pois'nous adder's sting

Loose tied, and dropping blood, DISSENSION bring:

Must, such the hard'ness of these iron times,
Charge Virtue home, and stain her brow with crimes.

Nor fear, tho' louder than the sea's hoarse surge
Her rebel cause insidious Falsehood urge,
Fear not, however loud, Correction's jail,
LORDS will protect, and *gen'rous* T—LE bail :
Fear not, however base, so meanly blind,
So deaf is Malice, to displease mankind.
Mov'd by some hidden spring in wond'rous fate,
Sound, living worth, we stamp with endless hate ;
Shake from the tree of praise, while at its root
The reptile Envy lurks, her infant fruit ;
And think, that when another's faults are shown,
It gives a kind of sanction to our own.

POET.

P O E T.

Are these the maxims, and is this the rage,
 That taints our manners, and corrupts our age?
 To loose with impious hand REBELLION's chain,
 Point her blunt sword, and cheer her dastard train,
 To cloath ripe treasons in the specious vest
 Of LOYALTY, with artful taunts to jest
 At facts he cannot damn, aloud to call
 On Heav'n for comfort, with the tongue of gall,
 Dangers as visions baseless to espy,
 To start a doubt, to hesitate a lie,
 His zeal, his duty, and his love, to own,
 Yet *stab* his country, and yet *mock* the throne,
 Are these——PERDITION viewing with a smile,
 By Riot's lawless hand, the sacred pile
 Of LIBERTY o'erthrown; that stream of blood,
 Which heroes lavish'd for the gen'ral good,

By *poisons* rank infected; and the fame
 Of ENGLAND's valour turn'd to reddest shame;—
 Are these the PATRIOT's labours? This, to see
 Oppression humbled? This——

F R I E N D.

IS TO BE FREE!

To guard that Charter, which our Fathers won
 So dear, so hard, for ev'ry ransom'd Son;
 Enrag'd, not Majesty itself to spare;
 Telling th' astonish'd globe what BRITONS dare.

P O E T.

What dare they not! Unhappy as we are,
 What Folly prompts, what Madness bids, they dare.
 Of old, Resentment wore a nobler form,
 And Truth, not Fiction, rais'd the mighty storm;
 That

That wrong redress'd, subsiding ev'ry fear,
 The tempest vanish'd, and the sky was clear ;
 OBEDIENCE left in haste the mountain's grove,
 And all again was harmony, and love.
 But now, 'twill drop reluctant from my pen,
 We are not Heroes, and we scarce are Men :
 Eternal tumults warring in the breast,
 We shake th'affrighted land ; and turn its rest,
 To scenes of *real* woe ; in black intrigue
 Passions with Passions form a monst'rous league ;
 A thousand tongues to LIBERTY we raise,
 And on her altars pour unholy praise.

For what *is* LIBERTY ? and what, (explain
 This glorious Birthright !) does OUR CHARTER mean ?
 'Tis not, with proud intemp'rance to withstand
 Each wholesome order, and each just command ;

'Tis

'Tis not, attempt most base ! our Court to charge
 With crimes of growth enormous ; while at large
 Elsewhere stalks VICE uncensur'd ; to defame
 The noblest Pillars of our State ; to blame,
 As Pride shall dictate, or as Rancour lead,
 And blaming, question too, the Regal Deed :—
 'Tis not, (O Arrogance by Dulness nurs'd !
 Completely with its own foul thoughts-accurs'd)
 My fellow subjects—whom, by Nature warm'd
 With quickest sense of wrongs ; their bosoms charm'd
 With shew of outward honesty ; we prove
 Wild in th'extremes of anger, or of love :
 Who instant to a dreadful tempest wrought
 By CUNNING'S varnish'd tale, the bands of thought,
 Victims to what they loath ! disdainful tear,
 Impatient of their injur'd rights to hear :
 'Tis not, these gen'rous subjects to deceive,
 To make th'unpractis'd heart with tears believe,

What

What SLANDER's ready tongue, in venom'd spite,
May hint, or shameless POVERTY indite :—

'Tis not, (such evils can the wretch, whose blood
Chills at the name of Peace, educe from good !)

'Tis not, a guilt which calls for high redress,
To vend a libel, and disgrace the press ;

Some plot, some fraud, some mischief to design——
A villain's art; and, JUNIUS, such is thine !

Should there in after times—the Muse now feigns
What ne'er can happen whilst a BRUNSWICK reigns ;

While GRAFTON sits superior at the Board ;
While Justice with her MANSFIELD trusts her sword ;—

Should there in after times, O fatal hour,
When hot AMBITION at the shrine of pow'r

Pays bloody incense ! o'er the ravag'd plain
When PROPERTY her ancient fields in vain

Injur'd

Injur'd demands ! and, like a hideous ghost,
 When DESOLATION stalks o'er all the coast !
 In these sad days of darkness, should there rise,
 A dreadful fury bursting from his eyes,
 Some savage TYRANT ; in gross error bred,
 Should he on PUBLIC FAITH insulting tread ;
 Oppressive rule with arbitrary nod,
 And hate alike his People, and his God ;
 Dissolv'd each MUTUAL COMPACT, then indeed
 Vengeance may wake, and Usurpation bleed ;
 Then may the dreadful thunders of your hate,
 Deep bursting, justly purge a troubled State.

But when to wond'ring eyes a blessing giv'n,
 When Thou, O GEORGE, the Delegate of Heav'n,
 In truth, in honour, and in conscious worth,
 As with a garment cloath'd, stand'st radiant forth ;

When

When sparkling on thy sceptre from afar,
 There shines serenely bright RELIGION's star;
 And ev'ry modest Handmaid, which the throne
 Of Parent Wisdom circles, for her own
 Seals Thee obedient; on thy godlike arm
 When Victory fits crested; and to charm
 Each British ear, when mounting to a flame,
 Thy kindred spirit hails a BRITON's name;
 When such thou rul'st, in Youth's immortal spring,
 Unequall'd Brother! Husband! Father! King!
 And joy'st each private charity to blend
 In union rare; the Master, and the Friend!
 When such thy virtues, to some other coast,
 Let hellish Discord lead her impious host;
 To Night's cold dreary womb let Guilt retire;
 And Envy, feeding on itself, expire:
 But here, in faithful ENGLAND's wide domain,
 Let Merit flourish, and let Concord reign!

C

But

But here, as to their best, their native home,
 Let Gratitude, with meek-ey'd Duty, come !
 Come all ye partners of these envied lands,
 High on her chalky cliffs where FREEDOM stands,
 Where Industry her boundless treasure yields,
 And rosy Plenty laughs through all her fields,
 O Youths, high favour'd of the Gods above,
 Come, and deserve a virtuous Monarch's love !
 Own ('tis the voice of Peace) each just decree !
 And know, SUBMISSION then, is TO BE Free !

Nor think, ye trifling insects of a day,
 Who praise, or censure, as your Masters pay ;
 Who, let but Want her hungry stomach fill,
 Can draw, or drawing sheath, the *desp'rate* quill ;
 Think not—'twere worse than sharpest need to thrive
 By such vile arts, than death far worse to live

Thus

Thus exercis'd, a great man's purchas'd fool,
 Of guilt, the footh, and of pride, the tool——
 Think not I'd venture in my darkeft hour,
 To buy, at Honour's lofs, one fmile of Pow'r;
 To join with bafeft hope your venal throng,
 And give to Infamy the name of Song!

Unknowing, and unknown, where, much-lov'd fream!
 My ——'s deep murmurs footh their Poet's dream;
 ——! on whose bank as the amufive plays,
 Her bending form each Village Nymph furveys,
 And artlefs of the caufe, with doubt admires
 Th' inverted hamlet, and its quiv'ring fpires;
 Here the young moments of my prime I fpend,
 Here in retirement find a faithful friend,
 Here fill, obfcurely good, life's humbler part,
 And commune, beft of ftudies, with my heart!

Let *Peace*, that o'er my bosom joys to spread
 Her healing wings, that smooths my homely bed;
 Let *Health*, that when I seek the upland ground
 Walks smiling on to meet me, and around
 On herb, or dewy flow'r that wildly blows,
 Courting the morn, her purer influence throws;
 Let *Exercise*, that haunts yon boundless wood,
 And gives a sweeter relish to my food;
 Let *These* (as now they deign) my shepherd's cot
 But festive visit, and I'll bless my lot;
 'Well pleas'd, more noisy transports I'll resign,
 Be Greatness yours! be virtuous Quiet mine!

Do *Mists* unwholesome dim the cheerless day?
 Do *Suns* weak struggling shoot a watry ray?
 Does the hoarse Father of the *Storm*, his brow
 Severe in horrid frosts, and crown'd with snow!

Firm

Firm on a rushing whirlwind ! at his side
 Lightnings, and Hail, and Clouds ! in awful pride,
 In fullen majesty, substantial gloom,
 All Nature trembling inward, does He come ?
 Then, heedless of the night, whose pitchy shade
 Shrouds with impervious cloke warm Murder's blade ;
 Then, heedless of the rains that patter hard,
 Content my Guest, and Poverty my guard ;
 O then what bliss, what ecstacy of joy,
 To mount with CHIO'S BARD the walls of TROY !
 To mark where foams THE CHIEF with fury stung !
 To drink the silver dew of NESTOR'S tongue !
 O then what strong improvement, unconfin'd
 By space, or time's scant limits, when the mind,
 Retentive, and in *ancient wisdom* read,
 Presumes to mix with the illustrious Dead ;
 When, to each circumstance familiar grown,
 It stops, and with their times compares its own !

Nor, let me boast it; tho' a partial few
 Should frown dislike ! nor, to my Conscience true !
 Proudly ye Sons of Science let me boast;
 Are we in arts, or worth, or manners, lost !
 More comely on our Hills does CULTURE reign !
 More just our Soil receive each varying grain !
 More bold our Navy on the billows ride !
 More full our Commerce pour its precious tide !
 More soft our Music warble thro' the groves !
 As fair our Women, and as chaste their loves !

Say, does the trumpet found to fierce alarms ?
 Shakes to its centre with the clang of arms,
 This solid globe ? rejoicing in his might,
 Neighs the proud horse high manag'd ; for the fight
 Impatient, wild ? and regularly flow,
 March on in dreadful pace th'imbodyed foe ?

Now

Now say, for You each peerless deed beheld,
 Each furious onset, and each conquer'd field,
 From MEM'RY's living page can faithful tell,
 How ROMANS triumph'd, and how CARTHAGE fell,
 Say FAME, as when his wreath OUR MONCKTON wore,
 If e'er thy laurels bloom'd so green before?
 Did ever Cypress upon Soldier's bier
 Drop the kind tribute of a gentler tear,
 Than calm, and nobly smiling o'er his pain,
 When wept the bravest, and OUR WOLFE was slain?

And Thou too, Goddess of th' exalted mind,
 Sage PALLAS! whose instructions leave behind,
 Sweet as the violet bath'd in April dew,
 A fresher *fragrance*, and a lovelier *hue*,
Colours, where bright ideas warmly shine!
 And *Fragrance*, like the breath of Gods divine!

See,

See, Parent of the mild, converseive hour,
 Nurtur'd by Thee, how springs each *British Flow'r!*
 Midst clust'ring roses, fraught with rich perfume,
 Balmy as Summer's gales, see GARRICK bloom!
 Each just proportion, ev'ry grace behold,
 The leaves soft pencil'd, and the *eye of gold*:
Pure as the sunshine of celestial day,
 Look with what magic art OUR RAMBLERS stray,
 Charming the sense! How rushing to yon skies
 From Earth's gay lap, OUR BOLD ADVENT'ERS rise!

Or if less pleasing scenes your mind engage,
 Rebellion's insults, and blind Tumult's rage;
 If sorrowing at BRITANNIA's mournful fate,
 You hear, impartial Judge, each stern debate;
 Hear *moonstruck* GRAN—y, like the troubled sea,
 Cast his *foul Errors* up, and bless the day,

When

When wiping from his mind all pause of shame,
 He stood a *new-born Candidate* for fame!
 Hear B—KE, in *tropes* impertinently dull,
 Spin the *fine* language of his honest Soul!
 Whilst GL—NN *as* honest, and almost as wise,
 Cants, and explains, *how* tortur'd Freedom dies!
 Zealots, and Knaves, and Coxcombs, tho' You hear,
 Virtue shall yet prevail, lost SAW—GE fear:
 Yet at each vein shall proud Sedition bleed,
 'Tis NORTON argues, 'tis OUR WILMOTS plead;
 Justice unmov'd demands her amplest pow'rs,
 And NORTH, and ATTIC MANSFIELD, still are ours.

There are indeed, unconscious of the blow,
 Which wounds their country, and whence springs its woe;
 Who *virtuous* of themselves, yet won by art,
 Do play, in Honour's mask, the *villain's* part;

There are, who madly join this desp'rate cause;
 Who wishing to defend, *pervert* the laws;
 Who void of malice, with resentment swell,
 And countenance *new Treasons*, meaning well:
 Foes such as these, let *Pity* gently blame,
 And mild Indulgence bear a SA—LE's name:
 Compassionate; let ———, forgiv'n
 Of men below, find mercy too in heav'n:
 But for those *Ruffians*, who in *sport* deform
 Life's smoother current, and who guide the storm;
 May they to future times recorded stand
 A terrible example! may the hand
 Of even Justice lay each bosom bare,
 Shew their foul stains, then plant her Dagger there!
 For *WILKES*, whom Nature (shudd'ring to behold
 So dark a rebel), at his birth foretold,
 Each *Look* expressive of the Guilt *within*,
 To prove th' avenging scourge of England's sin;

O name

O name Him not! accurst be his plan!
 Despis'd the PATRIOT, and abhorr'd the Man!

F R I E N D.

Has the full Town, and tell me, shall her choice
 Be rudely question'd? has the Public Voice
 At ev'ry gate, in ev'ry street, aloud
 Proclaim'd this *Brazen Idol*? have they bow'd
 Subservient? and with passive faith inspir'd,
 Damn'd, as He damn'd; or as He prais'd, admir'd?
 Have they thus worshipp'd? and dost Thou alone
 With sacrilegious foot *Great Baal's* Throne
 Approach undaunted? Can nor danger move,
 Nor can *example* win thy stubborn love?
 Ah how unlike to CHURCHILL's gen'rous fire,
 This peevish conduct, and this ranc'rous ire!
 He, godlike Youth, th' *unhappy victim* lov'd,
 Each thought commended, and each deed approv'd,

With *virtuous* praise the suff'ring heroe crown'd;
 And hung with many a flow'r his prison round :
 He, matchless Youth, for great atchievements born,
 Could dare, as Britons ought, with steadiest scorn
 To eye Corruption's plumage; with a zeal
 Unfelt in vulgar bosoms, could appeal,
 His life so *just*, so *pious*, and so *brave*,
 To Heav'n, nor dread the sentence which it gave
 Hence, CHURCHILL, to thy fame we all agree,
 Most sure to please, when most we copy Thee.

Have they thus worship'd, and dost Thou alone

With sacrilegious foot D.E.T. tread

Strange ! that in ev'ry science we profess,
 'Tis only *Party* which commands success:
 That *fearful* to discern prime Merit's worth,
 We first enquire, Who brought the writing forth?
 Strange ! that to virtue, real virtue blind,
 Let *Prejudice* the sick, th' impassion'd mind

With

D

Once

Once taint; let *Envy* from her yellow store
 Drop after drop th'infectious venom pour,
 Let but some CHURCHILL, with devouring eye,
 One casual fault, one dubious error spy;
 Each Sage, the wonder of less partial days,
 Must close th'untimely evening of his praise.
 Else on our MASON's brow, sweet polish'd bard,
 Of classic elegance, whom fair reward
 Nurs'd into real fame, whose numbers breathe
 Delightful harmony, why *droops* his wreath?
 Else wherefore, at *the knell of parting day*
 Stol'n forth, unheeded walks our pensive GRAY?
 By Wisdom cherish'd, and to Glory dear,
 In feelings happy, in expression clear,
 With wit, with humour, and with sense, endu'd;
 They write for one great end, the *Public Good*.
 They grieve not (could *ought* equal CHURCHILL's grief!)
 For ENGLAND's ruin'd state! beyond relief

They

They weep not, as *He wept*, these dang'rous times!
 Our freedom just expiring! and our crimes,
 So full in blossom! of so deep a stain!
 That MERCY, glad to save, *must* plead in vain!
 They dare not, as *He dar'd*, to clasp the shrine
 Of IMPUDENCE, and cry, *We're wholly thine!*

But (for I'll speak, tho' ev'ry tongue should blame,
 And mouth reproach,) to stamp the Poet's fame,
 To make him, as of old, supremely great,
 Arm'd at each point, and in himself complete;
 Our mirth, our pity, or our praise, to move,
 To claim our favour, and be worth our love;
 'Tis not enough, by *studied* faults disgrac'd,
 In affectation, or in whim, misplac'd,
 That *one rich word*, one glowing beauty shines,
 Thro' a *vile* length, of *poor, low, dull, vile*, lines:

'Tis

'Tis not enough, that careless to engage
 Each *finer* sense, the masculine, rough page,
 Some *nervous* turn, some *strong* expression boast,
 All art **excluded**, and all sweetness lost :
 'Tis not enough, that rapid in his song,
 Rude as the torrent's fall, and borne along
 Precipitant, the *highly titled* knave,
 Dragging to clearest light, he marks a slave ;
 'Tis not enough, unless to Honour true,
 Justice, and Justice only, in his view,
 Each hope, each wish of *Interest* apart,
 He feels, and writes, and censures, from the heart.
 Nor less those smaller failings, which as men
 The wisest taste, those *wand' rings* of the pen,
 Those spots, which haply from our nature rise,
 Studious to please, should *cooler* Thought chastise ;
 Should, wond'ring at a CHURCHILL's proud neglect,
 New beauties heighten, and new faults correct ;

Th' un-

Th' unclassic term at Night's pale lamp explore,
And still with busy hand *refine* the ore.

When with the *raptur'd Bard* my boundless flight
I stretch on eagle's wings, and mock the fight;
When into FANCY'S chambers, of the world,
Of life, of sense forgetful, I am hurl'd
Tremblingly pleas'd; explore that blest abode;
And start, and feel within th' *inspiring* God;
When instant, with some vast conception warm'd,
I pant for breath, and am divinely charm'd;
Out, out, *that hateful blunder*, which to shame
Throws the rude work, and breaks my golden dream!

Nor less, superior to a CHURCHILL's rage,
Should *Truth*, impartial *Truth*, exalt the page;
Nor less should *Virtue* build th' immortal strain;
Vain else the Poet's wrath, each arrow vain.

Tho'

Tho' *secret* as the shaft of night they fly,
 Thrice dipp'd in HATRED'S fount, which never dry
 Boils a rank pool; tho' prostrate on the ground
Affrighted Idiots catch th' uncertain sound;
 Yet on the breast of *Sense*, as on a tow'r
 Of solid gold, their force they idly pour;
 From *Merit's* shield a brave repulsion meet,
 And drop, unheeded drop, at GRAFTON'S feet.

Then whence THESE OFF'RINGS, which at eve, at morn,
 Flow lib'ral as the dew from Plenty's horn?
 Then why to WILKES th' unhallow'd temple raise,
 And *patriot rebels* nurse with *factionous* praise?
 Now by the souls of those brave men, who bold
 In hard extremes, those Demi-gods of old,
 Heroes, who glorying in their country's love,
 No *bribe* could soften, and not *death* could move,

E

Who

Who fighting heard afflicted Freedom call,
 And for the *gen'ral safety* ventur'd ALL,
 All that could add an elegance to life,
 The beauteous offspring, and the pleasing wife,——
 Yes, Shades of sweet Elysium! when I count
 Your *virtues* o'er, and tell the vast amount;
 When in bright view your matchless deeds I range,
 And see, in times like ours, the *impious* change;
 See *worn out* CHATHAM play the driv'ler's part,
 See WENT——TH vainly boast a HAMPDEN's heart,
 See LIBERTY, an arrant strumpet grown,
 Spread the *deep* treason, and *besiege* the throne,
 With loose-bound garment run thro' all our streets,
 And clasp in hot embrace each Fool she meets;
 My heart, unmov'd by her *seducing* charms,
 Thirsts for REVENGE, and the whole man's in arms!

And

And sure it is not long, ere *Mercy's* door,
So wide extended, shall be ope no more;
Not long ere *Punishment* shall give the word;
Ere ancient *Justice* lift her *flaming* sword;
Not long ere *Faction* shall her guilt confess;
And injur'd *Honour* find a *full* redress!

F I N I S.

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(35)

And sure it is not long, ere Myrtle's door,

So wide extended, shall be open more;

Not long ere Punishment shall give the word;

The ancient Justice list her flaming sword;

Not long ere Justice shall her Galle concede;

And injur'd Honour find her Galle defend.



F I N I S

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